

marriage to a movie. on the way back up  
the highway i stopped for a few drinks.  
i closed the place.

sunday i spent enjoying my younger kids  
until my wife and i got into a fight.  
she went to bed and i went out to a local bar  
where i ran into two young guys from the  
next-door apartment. "how's it goin'?" i  
asked, and the friendlier kid replied,  
"hey, did your old lady let you out of  
the house without her?"

i bought a round  
and ignored the question.

#### LIFE IS A TRADE-OFF

a friend of mine, a fine student of literature  
who is now well on his way to becoming a rock star,  
had just been jilted by a girlfriend  
of four year's duration.  
whatever the rest of us may think,  
rock stars get just as depressed  
when dumped as we do.  
so it seemed to be doing him good  
getting drunk with a bunch of us old friends  
after the poetry reading.  
about one o'clock though, he said,

"the sonofabitch she left me for  
used to call me the day of a concert  
for front-row tickets and i used to go  
to a helluva lot of trouble to get  
them for him. and what's worse is  
my ex-girlfriend has the gall to tell  
me the asshole feels the worst of any  
of us about his stealing her from me.  
yeah, sure, i bet he feels just awful  
when he's humping away on top of her."

i comforted him with,

"he probably doesn't even enjoy it.  
he probably can't stop thinking,

there go my front-row seats!"

#### IN ANSWER TO MORE THAN ONE INQUIRY

no, my wife doesn't read my poems.